

January 1972

**"Impact"**

**"The Canadian Cinema Magazine"**  
Premier Issue

**Nicholas and Alexandra and the  
Romanov Massacre; the real story, maybe**

**Frank Zappa in one of his 200 motels**

**Peter Boyle on Peter Boyle**

**Finding McCabe's coat in Toronto**

**plus Gerald Pratley, Earl Pomerantz, George Anthony  
and the movies you'll be seeing in the next month**



One case  
that's always packed  
and ready  
for the holidays.



Export Ale  
keeps on tasting great.



"

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"IMPA

ART DIRECTION  
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DESIGN WORKSHOP

"IMPACT"

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

PROGRAM  
FOR THIS ISSUE

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LITHOGRAPHED BY  
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TORONTO

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DIRECTOR  
OF CIRCULATION  
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"IMPACT"

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## FROM THE DIRECTORS' CHAIR

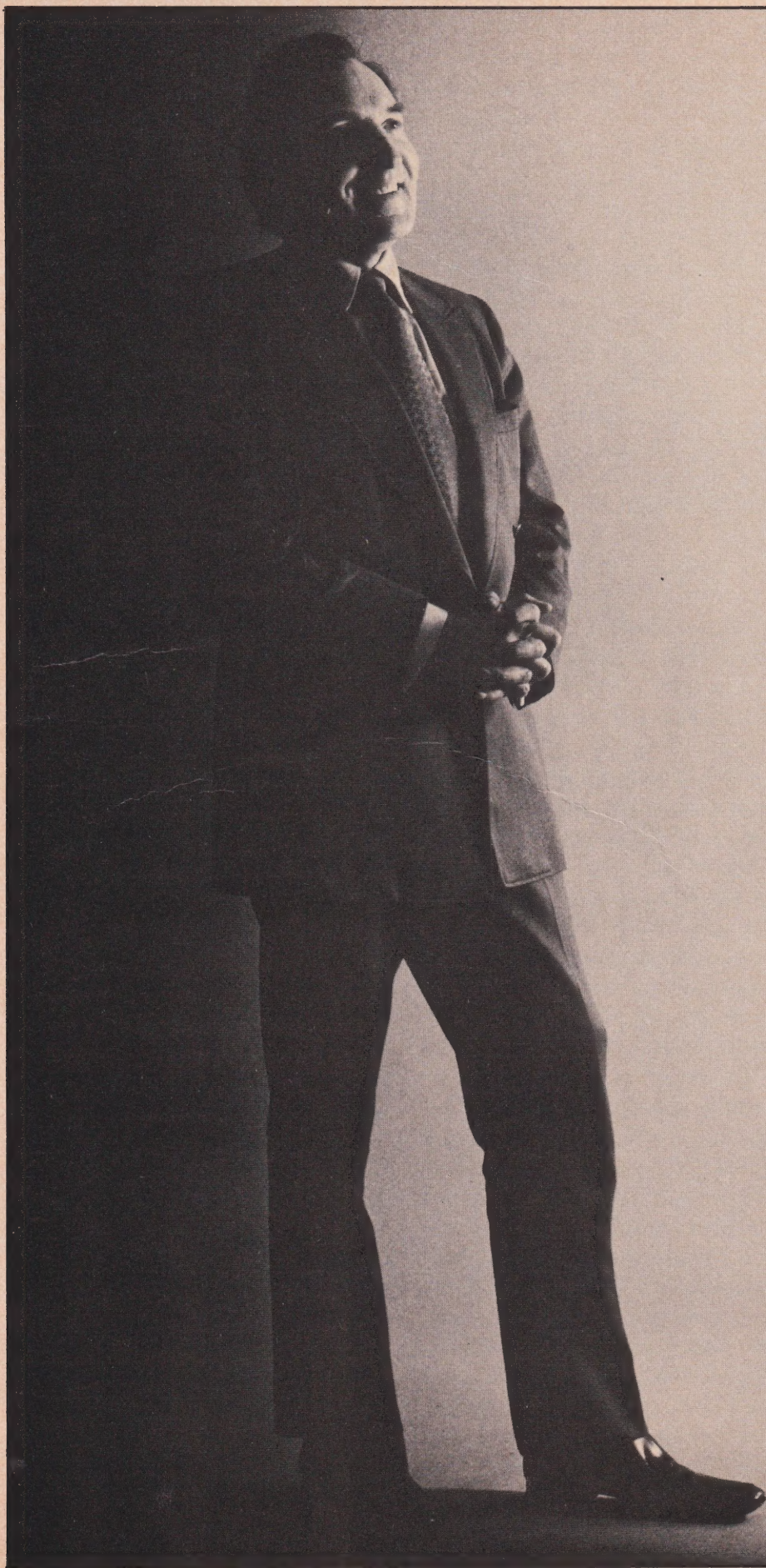
**A** new show premieres this month in Toronto. **Impact**, The Canadian Cinema Magazine, is now available at every Famous Players, Odeon, Twentieth Century and Premier Theatre in the Metro area. And soon across Canada. As soon as you pay your admission, a copy of **Impact** is yours. Just pick one up in the lobby, every month.

**M**ovies are the most versatile, comprehensive and popular form of entertainment today, and **Impact** magazine will open this fascinating world of film to you each month. In an entertaining and exciting fashion, our writers, photographers, and illustrators will present the most interesting facts, questions, and problems in and around filmdom.

**Y**our voice will be heard too. Any comments on us or the people or things we write about is heartily welcome. Just send your views to Sound Effects, **Impact** Magazine, 31 Mercer Street, Toronto. We'll publish the best, and answer them all.

**A**s a public service **Impact** will answer, refer, or let you answer any questions about anything in film. For instance, if you wanted to know who said "Play it again, Sam" in *Casablanca*, that's easy: the phrase was never uttered in the movie. But if anyone cares who played the fourth girl in the chorus line just before Ruby Keeler gets her chance in *42nd Street*, we'll search and search – or publish the question and see if anyone else can answer it. Just drop a postcard with your question on it in the mail to us; address it to The Esoterica Fiend.





*One of film's most respected critics and journalists, Gerald Pratley is head of the Ontario Film Theatre, and has had the longest-running radio program on film in North America for the CBC. He has written books on John Frankenheimer and Otto Preminger, and is now working on a volume on David Lean. The entire world of film is his landscape; each month he will point out some of its more interesting features.*

With the closing of London's festival of the "best pictures" from this year's international events, another long film festival season has come to an end. As usual, all kinds of questions are being asked, criticism given, and dark prophecies made about next year. Two facts are very clear: first that all festivals in large cities are in severe financial difficulties; and second, the point and purpose of, and need for, film festivals in certain cities is very much in doubt.

Film festivals serve two main purposes (outside of being tourist attractions for the places in which they are held): to discover interesting new work from individuals and countries, which has not found a place in the international commercial scheme of film distribution and exhibition, and to bring to the cities and countries in which the festivals are held those films which might otherwise never be seen due to commercial, economic and cultural conditions – not forgetting (as in Australia) severe censorship laws.

Some festivals are considered important because of the stature of the cities in which they are held: New York, London, San Francisco; yet these cities are so well served with all kinds of films that there are very few shown at these festivals which are not likely to open there sooner or later. As some of them appeal to small au-



diences, distributors are loathe to lose the people who will attend the festival showings. The festival authorities will argue that the extra publicity received by the films at the festival will increase their audiences. But what if they get no publicity and receive bad reviews? This argument goes on every year. Only when a film has no commercial distribution is a festival showing in a big city of some use. Hopefully, a distributor will buy it.

International festivals hope to become known internationally – yet this self-seeking of publicity for themselves and the places in which they are held should not become their sole reason for existence. Their first responsibility is to the people of their region or country; to bring to them films they have little chance of seeing even though these same films are shown as a matter of course elsewhere. There are many such festivals in the world, unknown and unsung, and in their way these are more meaningful than large and famous events.

The reason why some festivals are competitive is simply to publicize themselves. Cannes has become world-famous partly because the prizes films have won for themselves and their artists are mentioned prominently in their advertisements. Had the new Stratford festival given prizes, one might well have gone to Emile de Antonio's *Millhouse*, *A White Comedy*, which received its first festival showing at Stratford. This would have been mentioned in the advertisements when the film opened in New York city. But prizes, which bring some excitement to a festival if only because few people agree with them, so often go to the wrong films and actors, and can so often reflect badly on entries which did not receive any, that film makers hesitate to enter competitive events. And with European juries, honesty is not always the best policy to follow. Prizes usually create problems and festivals are better off without them.

The financial difficulties facing film festivals today are enormous. Because the producer or distributor

gives his film without a rental charge, some would-be promoters of festivals think there is nothing to running a festival without a proper budget. But the simple logistics of staffing a festival, paying the shipping, brokerage, telephone and printing costs, transportation and hospitality of guests, the cost of running the festival theatre (whether rented for the occasion or a permanent building) are so high that no festival can cover its expenses. A profit is out of the question. They must be subsidized. In 'socialist' countries and countries where state support of the arts is strong, the money is always forthcoming out of a general budget for the arts and for the sake of making the country better known abroad. Cannes for example is sponsored by the French Government, the film industry and the Tourist Board of the Ville de Cannes, each paying a third of the costs, which would be \$500,000 or more – exact figures are hard to come by. Moscow is paid for entirely by the Ministry of Culture. One important factor which makes most European festivals so well-known is that they pay the hotel and some living costs of hundreds of visiting journalists and critics, and sometimes film makers, from around the world, who dutifully write reams from the festival city.

Oddly enough, the most pressing problems facing most of the big festivals are the same which face exhibitors in theatres large and small. They need to attract the largest possible audience to justify their costs and create headlines. To do this the majority of their entries must be more sensational than last year's shockers. The small, sensitive artistic entry, for which the festival was originally created to support and provide a showing, is no longer welcome. Hence, a beautiful film like Claude Jutra's *My Uncle Antoine*, is rejected at Cannes – along with many other of similar stature, because the festival director is afraid it will not appeal to a large public and bring in money at the box-office. Thus the festival director is applying the same yardstick as the head of the theatre chain's

booking department.

It is becoming less and less necessary to go to some of the biggest international festivals because their main entries are films which we have already seen in our respective cinemas or will be showing in the near future. Were it not for the hundreds of films shown outside the festival at Cannes for example, and in special programs, the official event itself would have little to offer. Venice this year, beset by internal political rivalries and jealousies, and torn apart by fascists, communists and critics, was thrown together at the last minute and consisted mainly of films already assured their commercial showings. Moscow is a different situation. Hardly any of the Western films shown at its festival will ever be seen again in the USSR. To the Russians they are immensely important, one of their few windows into the western world, and this is the only festival which caters to a daily mass public in the thousands.

In view of all these expenses and problems, why are festivals held at all? Because they are showplaces for the cinema as an art and as business, and they have given films a new importance in the community of man. They serve to bring artists together from remote places, and give the public the chance to see what film makers in countries still strange to us are doing. In the end, the festivals which survive are those which have a public to support them in the places in which they are held, and do not depend on a vast influx of tourists, journalists, businessmen and artists to sustain them. A Cannes and a Venice which draw international audiences of this kind serve to support all other festivals whose directors visit them to discuss those films which are worth showing at their own festivals. New festivals which think they have a future in large cities should be prepared to find a very wealthy founder or organization to support them. For this most commercial of all the arts cannot pay for itself under the demands made upon it once the city catches festival fever. ■



# Looking at it from where I'm sitting

## Earl Pomerantz

From his humble beginnings as a child, Earl Pomerantz has emerged as one of Canada's essential human resources. Newspaper and radio columnist, television writer, and now film commentator, Earl will present his own unique vision of film every month for Impact.



Nobody's happy in movies. If you're rich and famous (*Who is Harry Kellerman* etc.), you can't be happy, because money won't make people love you. And if you're poor and crippled (*Midnight Cowboy*), you can't be happy because poverty and crippledness are bad things and to be happy about bad things is sick. And if you're happy (home movies), you definitely can't be happy, because you're not really happy, you only *think* you're happy, because you're not rich and famous and you're not poor and crippled. But as we all know, happiness defined by what you're not is not happiness. And how happy can a happy man be without happiness?

You still there? Good. I guess what I'd really like to see is more fun in movies. Quite often, the non-movie world can be not very nice. There's war in Vietnam and gum on the seats and I think movies should take us away from these things once in a while. But in most "now" movies, you sit down and you make gum-contact and you tell yourself: "All right. I'm on gum! What should I do? I think I'll forget about it. No gum on the seat's gonna stop me from enjoying the picture!" So you sit back, determined to forget the world and watch the movie and the lights go down and the flick comes on and it's called . . . Gum on the Seats!

But just because I don't want to be reminded of what I'm sitting on doesn't mean I'd like a return to

"Sugar-Pill" pictures: "Just close your eyes and go to sleep and when you wake up tomorrow, your dog will be back!" Those "all's well" movies depressed me almost as much as the "nobody's happy" movies, because *their dog does* come back. But the world's dog, him you don't hear from anymore.

And you shoulda seen the girls! Remember them? "Hi there, I'm Patsy Pucker. When it comes to great bodily parts, I've got them all! That's why the chick you're with doesn't have any!"

It's like they had auditions for human beings and if you won, you got in the movies and if you lost, your punishment was to pay to go in and see who you aren't. Of course, we tried to duplicate their cinematic perfection but forget it! Y'see, film folk have one great advantage over us real people. It's called Retakes! A movie male can make kissing mistakes 'til his lips chap, but they'll only show the "good" one. Out here, you kiss a lady nine times wrong and by the tenth time, she's locked herself in a vault.

Alan "Shane" Ladd was a perfect example of a star who got kissing help. It seems Al was too short to reach the lips of the kissee. So they stood him on a box. Can you imagine walking your date up to the front door . . .

*She:* I had a wonderful time, Harold. Wanna kiss me good-night?  
*He:* Sure! *She:* Hey, where are you

going? *He:* To get my box!

But worse even than fabricating tallness, old movies also fabricated truth. Apparently, John Wayne did not win World War II all by himself. No, history says The Duke had help. But typically enough, Hollywood never made a picture called John Wayne's Help! (They also never made a movie called The Enemy's Got A Point). And when we found out there was lying going on, we reacted like children who'd just been told there's no Santa Claus and started taking it out on the toys. Movies were rebuked, reformed and realistified. And that's when they started feeding us slices of life chock full of witty repartee like: "Whaddaya wanna do, Marty?" "I donno. Whadda you wanna do?"

And from then on, happiness hit the skids and nobody sang Zippity Doo Dah anymore. Or if they did, they sang it slow, to bring out the irony of it. New movies breathed the fresh air of truth into our souls by giving us head-on confrontation with all the problems we went in there to forget. The only real similarity between these pictures and the pictures of yesteryear lies in the suggested solutions to these problems.

What we've done is gone from pleasant movies that don't hurt to hurt movies that don't help. And we called it "The Movies Grow Up". Well sir, if growing up means all problem pictures and no pirate pictures, I'm kind of sorry movies bothered. ■





## *Are Facts Stranger Than ...*

*Unanswered questions prompted by the historic events of 1917-18 have lingered through more than four decades. The Romanov tragedy has even touched Torontonians because the closest known kin of the Tsar to survive those revolutionary days – his sister, Olga – lived for 12 years in Cooksville before her death here in obscurity in 1960. It is her two sons, Tihon and Gury, who are generally accepted as the ones to continue the Romanov line.*

On the warm summer night of July 16, 1918, Bolshevik guards stormed into the sleeping quarters of Tsar Nicholas II, held captive in Ipatiev House at Ekaterinburg in central Russia, and told him that the White Army was approaching to rescue him. The Tsar, Tsarina Alexandra, Tsarevich Alexei and his four sisters, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Maria, Tatiana and Anastasia, along with the family doctor, a valet, a cook, a parlormaid and Anastasia's

spaniel, named Jimmy, were hustled into a small basement room to await transportation to a more secure place of custody.

Instead the Bolshevik guards drew their weapons and in a sudden volley of shots, followed by bayonet stabs and clubbing, all the captives were killed. In that brief, bloody moment, the House of Romanov, which had ruled Russia for 304 years – since 1613 – came to an end.

Or did it?

Conventional history claims that the corpses of the Romanovs and their servants were put in a truck and driven from Ipatiev House to the abandoned Four Brothers mine 14 miles away. There the bodies were systematically dismembered, doused with 150 gallons of gasoline and burned. The grisly ashes were then immersed in 400 pounds of sulphuric acid.

All that remained of the Romanov





## *Nicholas and Alexandra?*

dynasty when the sun rose on July 17 were some fragments of broken jewels, some smashed artifacts, a few tatters of clothing, a severed, manicured little finger of a middle-aged woman (presumably Alexandra) and the corpse of the dog, Jimmy.

Curiously, today, over 53 years later, there is not the same confidence about the "facts" of the massacre, depicted so vividly and persuasively by author Robert Massie in his excellent and sensitive book *Nicholas and Alexandra*. Massie drew his information about the assassination almost exclusively from the report of Nicholas Sokolov, a White Russian judge who was commissioned to investigate the murders a full seven months after they were alleged to have happened. His report appeared in 1924, six years after the killings – or at least the disappearance of the Imperial Russian family.

There is now a growing amount of

evidence to indicate that the massacre never happened, that it was a gigantic, cleverly conceived red-herring or hoax, and that the Tsar and his family were, in fact, separated into groups and smuggled out of Russia by several different routes.

If anyone was killed in Ipatiev House that July night, it was the servants, whose violent death unwittingly contributed to saving their beloved Tsar and his family. Or so the theory goes.

In fairness to Massie, his unquestioning acceptance of the disputed Sokolov document is exactly what most reputable historians have done without a dissenting murmur. In fact the Sokolov report is a very flawed document indeed, indulging in polemics, anti-Bolshevik rhetoric and emotionalism. It relies almost completely on circumstantial and hearsay evidence. During his investigations Judge Sokolov was unable to unearth a single reliable

by Peter Worthington



witness to the killing; the few who did testify were handpicked, had actually seen very little, and repeatedly changed and adjusted their stories.



Alexandra

*A*ll that can be said with conviction about the Romanov case is that after July 16, 1918, Tsar Nicholas and his family disappeared. Without corpses, or tangible and acceptable evidence of their massacre, the fate of the Romanovs must remain one of history's greatest and most intriguing mysteries.

Except that it may no longer be such a mystery; its solution may be closer than anyone realizes.

The contemporary revival of the Tsar mystery began on New Year's Day, 1960, when a colonel in the Polish Intelligence Service, a man named Michal Goleniewski, escaped to West Berlin and surrendered himself to the Americans. Goleniewski seemed the In-

telligence catch of the Cold War until he began to cause acute embarrassment among his hosts by claiming to be, of all things, Alexei Romanov, the hemophiliac son of Nicholas II. He told a strange tale of growing up in Poland where his father had been given refuge by Marshal Pilsudki after the "escape". He said his father died at the age of 84 in 1952, while Empress Alexandra died in 1924.

The family had remained silent all these years, he claimed, largely from fear of Stalin and what could happen to his enemies – witness the fate of Trotsky, whom Stalin had murdered with an ice pick in Mexico in 1940. After Khrushchev began his famed "de-Stalinization" program in 1956, Goleniewski began his bid to escape to the West and establish his claim as the Romanov heir. Today Goleniewski lives in eccentric semi-obscurity in New York.

*I*n the early sixties publisher Robert Speller in New York came across a manuscript purportedly written by a woman who claimed to have been a friend of the young Anastasia in Russia. Members of the Speller family happen to be Romanov buffs and specialists in royal genealogy. The manuscript intrigued them. It was felt that it contained too much intimate detail for a friend to have known, and they put the author – Mrs. Eugenia Smith – through a series of grillings.

She underwent lie detector tests and the findings indicated that Mrs. Smith was not telling the whole truth when she said she was Anastasia's "friend" but when she finally relented and admitted that she was, instead, the real Anastasia, the polygraph showed her to be telling the truth.

Life Magazine wrote her story in 1963, but changed and distorted it with the result of casting doubt on her claim – which prompted an immediate law suit. Interestingly, Life settled out of court for a very large sum. Once again, Eugenia Smith retreated into obscurity, and today she will neither grant interviews nor discuss her background.

The most famous Anastasia claimant, Anna Anderson, whom Ingrid Bergman portrayed in the 1956 movie, is generally rejected as a legitimate contestant. At best, she seems an illegitimate daughter of Nicholas.

Meanwhile in Britain, strange things were happening. When the British government in 1969 finally released some (but not all) of

From the film *Nicholas and Alexandra*





the Foreign Office files pertaining to the 1917-18 period in Russia to the Office of Public Record, fascinating documents appeared for the first time. Other data, even more intriguing, remained classified under the Official Secrets Act and so far the British government has only hinted privately and off-the-record to individuals that it may soon make them available too.

One series of documents that got through this hush-hush curtain related to a super-secret joint British-U.S. plan in the summer of 1917 to rescue the Tsar, who was then a captive of Kerensky's Provisional government in Russia, and which was soon to be over-

sacks. The captain explained that the mysterious girl was a "Princess Royal", and a member of the Imperial Romanov family. The captain turned over his cabin to the Royal ladies and they were quietly put ashore in Rumania.

There are still doubts about the precise escape routes of the family, assuming of course they did escape. Evidence from a variety of quarters suggests that around Christmas, 1918, the Tsar, Tsarina, the Grand Duchess Maria and Tsarevich Alexei were taken to Odessa which was in the process of being occupied by French and Greek forces. The Tsar's beard was shaved and Marie's hair was cropped to resemble a boy's. Speculation is that

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Anastasia

Watch for the next issue of **Impact** starring Genevieve Bujold and a cast of thousands - in the theatres January 20th.



ministries began to interest others. In Britain the highly reputable London Observer took the escape theory seriously and ran an extensive story on it in its magazine. The BBC has sent a crew scampering around the world to chase down leads, and at this moment a long documentary series on the possible escape is ready for world-wide distribution.

News items about the escape theory came to the attention of Herbert Limbrick of Thunder Bay, Ont., who for 18 years was an alderman in Fort William. He had been a boy seaman on the British light cruiser Calypso when it was sent to the Black Sea in early 1919 to help evacuate the Russians fleeing the Bolshevik armies. He was the captain's messenger and recalled an aristocratic lady and a teenage girl coming aboard secretly, guarded by Cos-

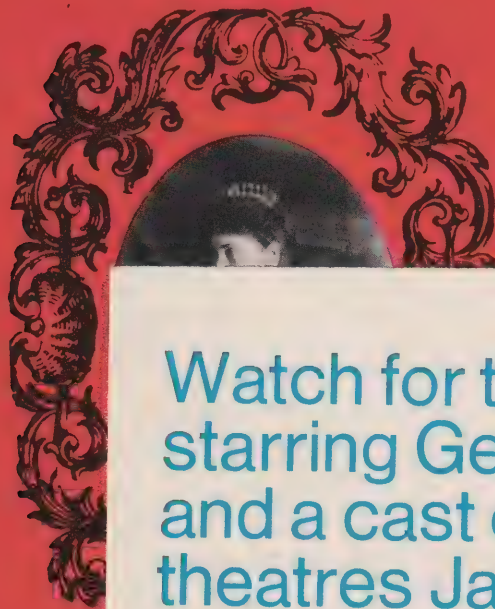
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From the film Nicholas and Alexandra



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The documents discuss the contribution by Britain and the U.S. of an initial \$150,000 towards an apparent rescue bid, with both governments insisting on absolute secrecy and no identifiable involvement.

Peter Bessell, an international financier with offices in London and New York, was a Liberal MP in Britain before voluntarily retiring from politics last year. While in Parliament he asked routine questions pertaining to the Romanov case, and the British Government's position on the assassination. The government's reaction was so curt, hostile and nervous that Bessell became increasingly interested. After intense investigation and research, Bessell announced last spring that he has solid reason to believe that the official version of the Tsar's death is untrue, and that certain Western governments know that it is untrue.

There has been no official government response, but the very wavering of certain ministries began to interest others. In Britain the highly reputable London Observer took the escape theory seriously and ran an extensive story on it in its magazine. The BBC has sent a crew scampering around the world to chase down leads, and at this moment a long documentary series on the possible escape is ready for world-wide distribution.

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The other three girls, Olga, Tatiana and Anastasia, also had their heads cropped so they would resemble boys and were taken out by two different routes. One route seems to have been through the east, to Japan, and from there to Europe.

For those with a taste for international political machinations, there is evidence of a secret protocol in the Brest-Litovsk Treaty of 1917 whereby the Bolsheviks made peace with Germany. The protocol committed the Bolsheviks to guarantee the safety of the Romanov family, otherwise Germany would not make the peace with Russia that Lenin so desperately needed. This was a non-negotiable clause, insisted upon by Kaiser Wilhelm, cousin of the Tsar.

Nicholas' other cousin, King George V of Britain, couldn't come to the aid of the Romanovs for a variety of reasons. Prime Minister David Lloyd George was vehemently



Anastasia



From the film Nicholas and Alexandra



hostile to Romanov autocracy; there was a growing swell of socialism in Britain and the House of Windsor felt vaguely threatened.

Japan became involved in the escape in an effort to absolve itself of a national shame incurred when an assassination attempt was made on Nicholas while he was visiting Japan as a guest in 1891.

There are indications that Washington is going to de-classify hither-to secret documents in the Romanov case in the wake of the international furor raised over the excessive classification in the Pentagon Papers case.

What has been universally forgotten in the mystery is that during the twenties there was considerable doubt as to whether there had been an assassination at all. Only the prejudices or convictions of the London Times correspondent, Robert Wilton, live on. He visited Ekaterinburg within the first month of the execution (and six months before Sokolov's arrival at the site). Wilton insisted the Romanov family had all died, and subscribed faithfully to the official version complete with sulphuric acid bath.

But with Wilton at Ekaterinburg that August of 1918 were two other correspondents, equally distinguished, if not more so. One was Joseph Lasies, the correspondent for the influential French newspaper *Le Matin*. Lasies was a former cavalry major and a member of the French Chamber of Deputies. The other was Carl Ackerman of the New York Times, and later Dean of Journalism at Columbia University. Both these men disagreed with Wilton, mocked his findings, and insisted throughout the rest of their lives that there was

absolutely no tangible evidence of a massacre. Ackerman even felt that an escape was more likely than a murder.

The five grand duchesses, according to some, are still living, modestly, under different names. Anastasia is Eugenia Smith of New York; Olga and Tatiana live in West Germany; and Maria is incommunicado in Poland, the country from which Alexei supposedly escaped.

Where does the truth lie? No one can say for sure. Perhaps it will all be resolved one day when, and if, various governments open their secret files.

All that seems certain is that what is generally accepted as the true version is not the entire story. The sequence of the Tsar's death described in Robert Massie's book-cum-movie is the traditional one, and accepts all the half-truths, propagandistic rhetoric and circumstantial evidence as being flawless and absolute. To the layman caught in the middle of the controversy, or mystery, perhaps the most eloquent and persuasive of all the circumstantial evidence indicating death is the mass of artifacts supposedly found at the mine site. There is only one flaw in this wealth of circumstantial evidence: no one, alive or dead, has ever seen the artifacts in question. There are drawings of them, descriptions of them, even some photographs. But there is no record of anyone, personally, having seen them. Where are these things now? No one knows. They have simply vanished. The "evidence" has evaporated into historical legend — from whence it possibly came.

Today all this speculation is academic. Even if Romanov heirs were to emerge, they have no claims on Russia because the Tsar abdicated his throne in 1917. There is no political basis or possibility for a return to power. The Romanovs are anachronistic curiosities, nothing more.

As for the movie *Nicholas and Alexandra*, it is a sensitive and moving story of an Imperial Family's tragedy and how it contributed to the destruction of an empire. The sequence of events is entirely accurate; only the ending to which they lead in the Massie/Columbia presentation can be questioned. The final story of what really happened to the Tsar and the Romanov dynasty has yet to be told.

And what a movie that will make. ■



The Tsar and Alexei

From the film *Nicholas and Alexandra*





# Лица и происшествия в этом фильме вымышлены и всякое подобие на настоящие лица совсем не случайное.\*

by Lawrence Stephens

If the movies' main means of expression has always been the narrative or story, then it comes as no surprise that for countless great dramatic scenes, history provided the obvious sources. The fall of empires, battles encompassing huge landscapes, the triumph (and inevitably death) of tyrants, all were grist for the scenarists' fictional mill. And certainly nothing was better suited for movie treatment than The Fall of the Romanovs. (Even this title sounds widescreen and stereophonic.)

Movie people, however, seem to have favored Rasputin. Six films have been made which concentrate on the influence of the mad monk, explaining the triumph of the revolution by showing Rasputin's power over the Royal Family, causing them to neglect and misjudge their beloved Russia.

In 1930 Conrad Veidt played the healer in a German effort called *Rasputin*.

Harry Baur played in a 1938 French film with the same title. And recently there was the 1960 Italian production *Nights of Rasputin* (presumably his days were relatively boring and chaste), a British opus quietly titled *Rasputin the Mad Monk* (1966), and even Goldfinger himself, Gert Frobe, appearing in *I Killed Rasputin* (no suspense about that film's ending).

But from time to time a film appeared which focused on the end of the Romanov dynasty and the repercussions in the future. The most illustrious of these were *Rasputin and the Empress* (1932), the only film to feature roles by all the Barrymores, and *Anastasia* (1956). And in 1972 we are to see *Nicholas and Alexandra*, based on the best-seller by Robert K. Massie.

*Rasputin and the Empress* was made by MGM in their usual lavish fashion. But the studio felt the expenditure was worthwhile, for



Mrs. Eugenia Smith the "real" Anastasia.

Ethel and John Barrymore prepare for a scene in the 1932 production *Rasputin and the Empress*.

Ingrid Bergman, as the pretender Anna Anderson in the 1956 film *Anastasia*, ponders the photo of the Tsar's family in a New York shop window.





not only had they assembled all the Barrymores, they also had one of the best writers of the day, Charles MacArthur, to do the script. His treatment, unfortunately, did not meet with the stars' approval. Finding it too sensationalistic and too damaging towards Alexandra, Ethel Barrymore refused to continue, saying, "You forget, I knew Her Majesty personally". They changed it. Lionel played Rasputin, Ethel played Alexandra, and Harry Morgan appeared as Nicholas. The brilliant but unpredictable John Barrymore played Prince Chegodieff, confidant of the Queen and, according to this version, sole assassin of Rasputin.

It was after the film was complete that MGM's troubles really began. A preface was placed on the picture which read: "This concerns the destruction of an empire, brought about by the mad ambition of one man. A few of the characters are still alive. The rest met death by violence."

Almost immediately after release the studio was sued for damages by a couple who were claimants to the empty throne, Prince Felix and Princess Irina Yousefoff. The former was the alleged assassin of the monk and the latter was called Princess Natasha in the film, which contained a scene of her violation by Rasputin. MGM tried to prove that the characters were a composite, but Felix described to the court how he performed the grisly deed, and his summary was remarkably similar to the scenes in the film. Furthermore, the preface stated that "a few of the characters were still alive".

MGM lost \$125,000 and ever since then the qualification has been placed in the credits of all movies: "Events and characters in this film are fictional, and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental."

Along came the cinemascope fifties. Things had quieted down somewhat, and the events were already history. But so much remained unexplained and incomplete that legends were multiplying like the population. So why not combine the Romanovs and Cinderella? Everyone's wish come true, fabulous riches showered down, preferably after amnesia so you do not know how miserable you actually were. A new life granted. Hence Ingrid Bergman in *Anastasia*. A poverty stricken amnesia victim is spotted by Yul Brynner, a White Russian exile. She looks like Anastasia, according to legend the only survivor of the massacre. But she must be trained; and if she passes the supreme test, all the riches which, according to legend, were deposited by Nicholas

in foreign banks would shower down on Yul.

Of course Ingrid changes from a listless girl into a remarkably close copy of the Princess. Her training gives her a personality. But then she begins to have an imperial aura, and even remembers details only the real princess could know. Everyone is convinced, but the great test remains: Ingrid is shown to the Dowager Empress Marie (Helen Hayes) in exile in Copenhagen and suddenly she coughs, excited. Only Anastasia responds to excitement by coughing, and only Marie knows this fact. The latter is convinced.

But Brynner and Bergman fall in love, and ultimately, of course, Bergman chooses happiness with the nobody rather than boredom with some Duke.

The picture marked the return of Ingrid Bergman to Hollywood after a six year absence because of the Rossellini scandal. She also won her second Oscar for this performance, which meant, in effect: Welcome home, all is forgiven.

The fact and the legend: even the historians have trouble distinguishing between the two. As numerous as the stories are the angles: Dr. Zhivago saw a new orthodoxy, this time political. Most movies see Rasputin as the cause of the ultimate downfall. But any one of these is too simple. Political events are made by man, and Rasputin's influence, based on the hemophilia of the young heir Alexei, is only part of the picture. In any case, it is Nicholas and Alexandra themselves who must play in centre stage, and it is precisely this area that Robert K. Massie concentrated on.

His bestseller has now been made into a film. Scheduled to open in Toronto February 4th, it is a lavish treatment of the marriage of the Tsar and Tsarina, and the outside events which became inextricably involved with their own personal problems. The royal couple are treated sympathetically, more as a victim of the times than of their own gullibility or of external happenings. The main characters are portrayed by unknowns (Michael Jayston as the Tsar, Janet Suzman as the Tsarina, and Tom Baker as Rasputin) with Olivier and others of similar stature doing the smaller roles. Historical accuracy is more believable without familiar faces.

But the drama cannot disappear, even at this time and at this distance. No matter how calm we are in thinking about the actual events, the end of the Romanov dynasty is crucial to the history of this century and therefore to our very own day. ■



F

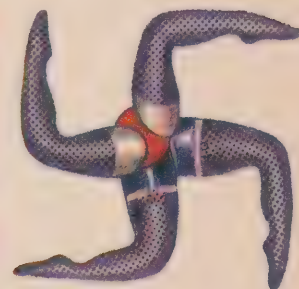
**iddler on the Roof** (United Artists), adapted from one of the longest-running Broadway shows, breathes into life that little turn-of-the-century Jewish village in Russia, its every sunrise and sunset and its people – Tevye the milkman, played by Israeli-born actor Topol, Molly Picon as Yenta the matchmaker and Leonard Frey as Motel the tailor. Reserved seats. In shattering contrast to these tales from the writings of Sholom Aleichem is Allied Artists' **Cabaret**, based on the Berlin stories of Christopher Isherwood which detail the chilling rise of Nazism in Germany. Joel Grey from the Broadway cast, Michael York, and Liza Minnelli star.

P

rojections:

*If good things come in small packages, (and never more so than during this season), then great things come giant-size, in Technicolor, Cinemascope, 70mm and full stereophonic sound.*

*The films that conclude 1971 and launch 1972 are as full of surprises as holiday presents – the musical, the roadshow and even the family entertainment pictures are with us again.*



B

ut in the musical sweepstakes, **The Boy Friend** (M-G-M) assumes front-line position. Ken Russell, cheered for *Women in Love* and castigated for *The Devils*, produced and directed this 1920's comedy from his own screen adaptation of the stage hit. None other than fashion model Twiggy plays Polly Browne, and Russell maintains he has conceived his gently (?) satirical musical as her own personal route to stardom. "She will be as big a star as Monroe", says Mr. R. He has filmed *The Boy Friend* as a show within a show: a touring English theatre company is giving a performance of the play when understudy Polly is forced to step into the lead role.

Meanwhile fantasy versions of the big musical numbers are 'seen' through the eyes of a super-Hollywood director seated in the audience, a device which leads to all sorts of curious things such as a romp in Greek costumes through the New Forest.







**I**t's that jolly time of year again so the re-release of 1970's **Scrooge** (National General) is entirely appropriate. This musical version of Charles Dickens' beloved classic *A Christmas Carol*, brings together such impressive talents as Albert Finney, Dame Edith Evans, Alec Guinness and Kenneth More. For other family entertainment consider the film treatment of Anna Sewell's tale of **Black Beauty**, starring Walter Slezak and Mark Lester, as well as the Walt Disney release

**Bedknobs & Broomsticks**, a fantasy featuring Angela Lansbury as an amateur British witch.

Joining **Scrooge** as a re-release is Columbia's **A Man For All Seasons**. This film presents the conflict between philosopher and statesman Sir Thomas More and King Henry VIII of England, and as such it stands 'for all seasons' as the drama of a man who obeys the dictates of his own conscience rather than the orders of the prevailing political power. Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, Orson Welles, Susanah York and Wendy Hiller are just part of the reason this film won six Academy Awards.



**A**s well as the return of these two well-received films, a galaxy of favorite stars shines this season. Sean Connery returns to the screen as James Bond, the role that he created and that remains his alone. Along with him in **Diamonds Are Forever** (UA) are Jill St. John as Tiffany Case and Lana Wood (Natalie's younger sister) as Plenty O'Toole. With old familiars M, Q and Miss Moneybags, Bond sets out on the trail of a fortune in smuggled gems which may somehow foul up a moon shot in this seventh Ian Fleming adventure.

Paul Newman, who usually devastates the entire female sector of the movie audience at a single glance, will have double the effect during these next weeks, in **Pocket Money** and **Sometimes a Great Notion**. In the former, he is joined by Lee Marvin in a contemporary western comedy which explores the attempts of two amiable cowboys trying to make a little ready cash with shady schemes that usually turn to dust. In *Sometimes a Great Notion* Newman takes credit as a director for the second time (after *Rachel, Rachel*). And as the star of this Universal release, an adaptation of Ken Kesey's powerful novel, he keeps the best of company — Henry Fonda, Lee Remick

and Michael Sarrazin. Hank (Newman) and Lee (Sarrazin) are half-brothers, sons of Henry Stamper (Fonda). The Stamper clan has logged the Oregon timberlands for generations but is threatened from within by twisted passions and from without by a labor dispute which divides the family from the rest of the townspeople.

**Hospital** (UA) brings George C. Scott back to the screen after his Academy triumph for Patton. In this screen translation of the Paddy Chayefsky play, Scott stars as the chief of a New York hospital. Director is Arthur (Love Story) Hiller.

Take your pick of top actresses in **The Trojan Women** because Katharine Hepburn, Genevieve Bujold, Vanessa Redgrave and Irene Papas are the choice. The Euripides' play adapted for the screen by director Michael Cacoyannis sets forth the tragic days after the fall of Troy when the city's males have been slaughtered by the Greek victors and the women are being led off into slavery. This International-Cinerama release is a roadshow attraction but reserved seats are worthwhile to avoid lineups, considering that both Hepburn and Bujold are already rumored to be possible Academy Award nominees.





# W

hen a young U.S. college professor, Dustin Hoffman, becomes disillusioned with the violence of American life, he and his wife, Susan George, decide to seek sanctuary in a small university town in England. Sam Peckinpah (*The Wild Bunch*, *Battle of Cable Hogue*) is the director so you can bet they don't find it. **The Straw Dogs** (International-Cinerama) is the picture.

In her debut film, *Cactus Flower*, giggling Goldie Hawn won an Oscar as best supporting actress. Her third time out she stars with Warren Beatty in a contemporary action suspense drama set in Hamburg, Germany, written and directed by Richard Brooks. It's called **\$ (Dollars)** but it might just as well be known as ? to the actors because, following the method of his previous films, Brooks refuses to reveal the story. Instead he discusses the characterization with his performers and hands them the appropriate pages from the script only the night before shooting so they can memorize their lines. From Columbia.

# A

ction, drama and suspense' is the catch-phrase for more than \$. Clint Eastwood and Don Siegel team up again for **Dirty Harry** (Warner Brothers). Eastwood plays a taciturn, tight-lipped and tough San Francisco cop whose methods of tracking down a maniacal sniper are ethically questionable. Ski champ Jean-Claude Killy makes his acting debut in **Snow Job**, a Warner Brothers film, as the pivotal player on whose skill rests the heist of a quarter million dollars from a resort in the Italian Alps.

In **Labyrinth** (Columbia) a young girl is kept sequestered from the outside world, virtually a prisoner, by her mother and grandmother. When her father, accompanied by his mistress, returns after 10 years, his daughter becomes the link between all of them in a chain of violent emotions and conflicts. Sondra Locke, Sally Kellerman and Robert Shaw are involved. What happens to the men we train to kill when the shooting's all over? **Welcome Home, Soldier Boys** (20th Century-Fox) attempts an answer.

Action spills over into the films that take on the camera's new and seemingly infinite fascination with the drug scene. **Dealing** (WB) was filmed in Toronto on the U of T

campus, and **Cisco Pike** (Columbia) has it setting across the country in Los Angeles. Singer Kris Kristofferson takes on his first role as Pike, convinced to quit the dealing game by girlfriend Karen Black yet forced to sell grass by crooked narcotics cop Gene Hackman.

# N

ot all the action is violent or despairing. **The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight** (M-G-M), based on the novel by hard-hitting New York journalist Jimmy Breslin, is a comic romp involving inept Brooklyn mobsters and features Jerry Orbach as Kid Sally. "something big" belies the style of its title and stars Dean Martin as the devil-may-care leader of a band of renegades in the frontier West circa 1870 who devise a daring robbery scheme. Burt Bacharach composed the music for this National General release. More comic overtones are apparent in **Made For Each Other** (20th Century-Fox). Renee Taylor and Joseph Beltona, who wrote *Lovers and Other Stangers*, wrote this film and star in it as well.

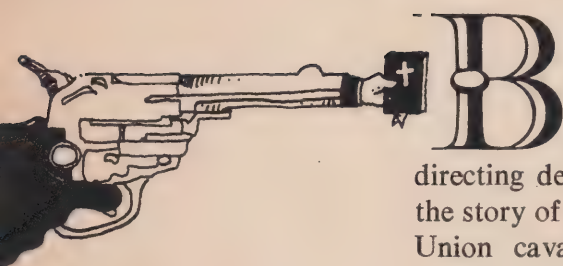


Teenage violence in future society is examined in Stanley Kubrick's **A Clockwork Orange**. Toronto is one of three world cities to see this film in advance of its regular run in June, 1972.





**H**istory always seems a lot more fun at the movies than it ever did in school. **David and Catriona** (Astral) tells of the further adventures of David Balfour and Allen Breck, the main figures in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. **The Decameron** (UA) consists of a series of tales by the early Renaissance author Boccaccio directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Fellow countryman Vittorio de Sica goes back to the 1930's for **The Garden of Finzi Continis** (Astral) to present a compelling drama of a family growing up and apart in Fascist Italy.



**B**uck and the Preacher marks the directing debut of Sidney Poitier and weaves the story of Buck (played by Poitier) a former Union cavalryman, and a phony preacher

(Harry Belafonte) who meet up in the turbulent days following the Civil War. Buck becomes a guide for ex-slaves planning to homestead in the West but the group's goals are thwarted by whites eager to keep the newly-freed blacks in the South as a source of labor.

And what is the Christmas season without love? And what can you say about the next love story from Paramount, **Harold and Maude**, except that it involves Ruth Gordon as an old lady infatuated with life and Bud Cort as an unhappy, mother-dominated young man in a May-December liaison? Obviously it's clean. **Star Spangled Girl**, also from Paramount, brings a small town, right-wing Southerner (Sandy Duncan) and two idealistic left-wing university grads to Hollywood in a Neil Simon comedy.



**L**ast, but never least, **The Last Movie** and **The Last Picture Show**. The titles are bound to be confused but not the content. The first is Dennis Hopper's Godard-like saga about the making of a movie. An American film company invades a quiet Peruvian village to put together a version of Billy the Kid, but the film, according to Hopper, becomes an allegory for the destruction of innocence. The second movie is Peter Bogdanovich's haunting elegy to small town American life, the only critical success at last autumn's New York Film Festival. It's about Anarene, Texas in 1951, only 20 years back but gone forever; about young people growing up in a town that's running down; about the desperation of getting out of a place that time is destroying anyway. ■







Frank Zappa in Don Mills? At the Holiday Inn?

Ridiculous!

"It's not much but it's home" he says, gesturing inward at the factory-sealed interior of his \$21 single. And glancing around at the open suitcases strewn across the dresser, the books and tape cartridges stacked along the floor, and the young pretty in a red sweater stretched out on the bedcovers, who could argue?

It's the road, man, the road. The Mothers of Invention are on tour again. One night they play to a full house at Massey Hall, tomorrow they head for Providence. And you know what? Who cares? Because half the guys in the band probably think it's the other way around. It's all the same. Every town's the same from the inside of a Holiday Inn.

As Zappa himself says, "When we go on tour life in the group begins to resemble life in the army. Each concert is a campaign and it's very possible not to know where you are at any given moment. Sitting in your room, dealing socially most of the time with other guys in the group, you might as well be home in Los Angeles. We seem to carry a 'mystery bubble' of L.A. consciousness with us at all times and inside of that bubble, strange things happen."

Which is probably as clear and concise an explanation as you could hope to find of *200 Motels*, the new Frank Zappa movie featuring The Mothers along with such assorted compatables as Ringo Starr, Keith Moon, Theodore Bikel, and The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, essaying the respective roles of Larry The Dwarf, The Hot Nun, Rance Muhammitz, and The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. As a film it's bizarre. As anything it's bizarre. Variouslly described as a "Fantasy Opera", a "Surrealistic Documentary", and "A Total Freak-out" (this by a well-meaning but

somewhat over-exuberant PR type), it is seen by its creator in a press release so doggedly articulate as to almost defy comprehension, as "an extension and projection of the band's specialized view of and participation in the outermost fringes of the Rock and Roll consciousness", which, simply stated, means it's a Musical.

Whatever it is – and probably only Frank Zappa knows for sure – it does deal with such fundamental, far out, right on, subjects as Groupies, Life on The Road, In-Group Inter-Personal Relationships, Macro-Biotic Food, and Tie-Dye Shirts. All this plus much more extracted from the essential, collective, life-experiences of the Mother of Invention; codified, stylized, interpreted, embellished, projected, inflated, boiled in ammonia, and photographed in the most vividly colored and composed images the human eye has ever experienced. At least that's what the man says. And when he's talking about *200 Motels*, the man's enthusiasm knows no bounds.

"It's a beautiful looking film, there's no question about that. I mean whatever else it is, it looks great. I've seen it four times now since it was completed and color printed and I'm still awed by it. How can I describe it? It's like the first time you saw a full length cartoon. It has that kind of impact.

"But then it's something brand new, it's unique, you realize that. It wasn't filmed, it was taped. It's the first feature film to be shot on color video-tape and transferred to film for release. It's a whole new technique, a whole new process, something that's never been tried before on this scale.

"We did it that way because we had to; there was no choice. Given the script and the highly stylized, surreal nature of *200 Motels*, we needed a kind of super visual approach that only television-style VTR cameras with their



monitor facilities and their capacity for in-camera effects could give us. A lot of the time during the shooting we were just experimenting, fooling around, pushing buttons, twisting dials, scrambling the images, superimposing, fading in and out, concocting multiple dissolves; the pictorial range of video-tape is enormous. And the great advantage is that with monitors for every camera, you can see exactly what you're getting the instant you're getting it. You can create and adjust as you go along. You can really do anything you want to, and know right away whether or not it's working.

"The problem in the past has always been in the transferring process, the transferring of images from tape to film. Color quality and picture delination have always been very uneven. But there's a company in England, a subsidiary of Technicolor called Vidtronics, that's come up with an incredible new system that gives perfect results. When we first saw what they could do we couldn't believe it, but we knew that was the answer for *200 Motels*.

"In fact they've had the system for a while now but it shows you where the film industry is at that nobody until now has had nerve enough to try it for a major project. Everyone's so afraid to take a chance, they play it safe, do it like they've always done it. I mean when we came along, Vidtronics was on the verge of giving up. They knew they had a great process, but they couldn't convince anybody to use it. And in fact on our very first day of shooting, they called us up to tell us to forget it, they were packing it in. Only some fast negotiations convinced them to stick it out.

"And now I understand they're using a print of *200 Motels* as their sample reel to interest other film makers. I've heard that at least three other films are getting ready to go into production in England using the same technique."

A glow of self-satisfaction shines forth from the face of Frank Zappa, film pioneer. And the statistics come rolling out. The whole movie was shot in a grand total of seven days from a script numbering some 320 pages (over twice normal length but as Zappa puts it, "every angle was planned to the fraction"). It was tape-edited for eleven days, film edited for three months, and as a result of all this hustle and speed, came in at \$40,000 under budget. The figures are impressive, and Zappa is clearly impressed.

But meanwhile the hymn to Video-tape continues.

"It allowed us to move quickly. Be-







cause of the monitors we could be shooting two or three scenes simultaneously in different parts of the studio and still be right on top of everything. Everywhere you looked there was something going on all the time. It was chaotic, but it worked, and it never could have been done by conventional methods.

"It must have seemed strange, though, to anyone associated with normal film production. Wilfred Brambell, the old character actor, was supposed to be in the picture, you know, but when he came out and actually saw what we were doing he almost passed out. He ran off screaming that he'd never seen anything so weird in his life."

The soft, sedated peel of the Holiday Inn Contempra-phone brings a sudden halt to the monologue and Zappa decamps to the bed – long since abandoned by the lady in red who is now in the bathroom, typing!! – to talk business with the Coast. It's something about percentages and rights and the French subtitles for the Paris premier of *200 Motels*. Whatever, he's very much on top of it. For this is not your average rock and roll musician, stumbling from town to town in an air-tight euphoric daze, totally, irrevocably, stoned on his own careening ego, oblivious to the slick little men in the wings counting his money, paying his bills, slowly, steadily, draining him dry. No, Frank Zappa is a man supremely in control of his own destiny, a man who can wheel and deal with the best of them.

For example, with *200 Motels*, he and his associates insisted on and got a deal from United Artists whereby they and they alone are responsible for all the public relations and merchandizing connected with the film. UA, who financed and are distributing the film, can do nothing in the way of publicizing or promoting it without Zappa's approval. And thus far at least, every line of copy, every picture, every radio and television commercial to be released for *200 Motels* has come straight from The Man himself. In an industry where the money men are notoriously unresponsive to the ideas and wishes of their creative underlings, it's something of an unprecedented situation.

"Have you heard the radio spot?" he asks, flipping a switch on the cartridge machine and releasing a sudden orchestral cascade, broken just as suddenly by the mock-operatic chanting of Mothers Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan extolling the dramatic virtues of the forth-coming extravaganza *200 Motels*.

It's a very strange commercial.





A Frank Zappa movie could best be described as a Frank Zappa movie. No other terms are as accurate or complete. His fantasy opera employs new technical methods, and features Ringo, Eric Clapton and The Mothers in various bizarre roles.

"And the album," he says handing the glistening cello-wrapped package across the table for a quick perusal, a two-record set featuring such evocative titles as *Dental Hygiene Dilemma*, *Penis Dimension*, *Half A Dozen Provocative Squats*, and *Does This Sort Of Life Look Interesting To You?*

"All the music in the picture was recorded live, as shot. None of this lip-synching to playback crap. It's the first musical in 40 years to be made that way. We had two complete sound crews, over 50 microphones stationed all over the set, and to bring it all together we rented the Rolling Stones portable studio unit with sixteen track mixing facilities. The sound is totally authentic.

"But to get back to the album, it's my favorite of all the thirteen we've made. It's music that I've been writing off and on for about four years now, mainly in motel rooms after concerts. It's orchestral, choral stuff, music that frankly was impossible to get played without devising some sort of framework within which to fit it. Which is actually how the whole *200 Motels* project came about in the first place. I had this music, I wanted to hear it, so I concocted a theatrical structure for it which could utilize it and react to it both visually and dramatically. All the elements of the film are organically integrated with each other, the music, the dialogue, the action, the pictorial technique. You can't separate one from another, they're inextricably linked and bound together.

"The dialogue, which stems mainly from seven years of overheard conversations within the group, is treated very much in a musical, orchestral fashion. I mean as a piece of music is composed of themes, of patterns of notes, stated, transposed, inverted, shaped in any number of ways, so the script, composed of lumps of dialogue, is treated in the same way. Thus the narrative – strictly speaking not a narrative at all since there is no stress on chronological continuity – is formally tied to the music and vice versa, you see?"

"Well yes, but . . ."

"Actually, *200 Motels* could just as easily have been a theatrical piece, a stage musical except for the fact that in that medium, the audience is too remote. I'm interested in the small, intimate details, the raised eyebrow, the tiny facial reactions that only a close-up camera can spot."

Across the room, the bathroom door clicks open and Red Sweater emerges, an expression of benign disinterest on her face. She

slides over to Zappa's chair and slumps down on the floor beside him, wordless, unobtrusive, but very much there, a hint perhaps that the allotted interview time is quickly expiring?

And still the essential question remains unasked.

"How on earth did you ever get anyone to pay for something like this?"

"It took a while. The first companies we went to, including our record distributor Warner Brothers, just didn't want to know. As soon as we'd start to explain what we wanted to do they'd go into a state of shock.

"Finally though we got to United Artists and met their president, David Picker. All we had was a ten page treatment, a box of tapes, and some press clippings in case he'd never heard of us. He told us he'd get back to us and a week later he did, called us up and told us we had a deal. Thirty days later we had a budget and a signed contract. I would imagine that's something of a record.

"And I must say they were very good to us. They never came around the set, never sent out spies to see what we were doing, never asked any questions, they just gave us our money and told us to go to it.

"Of course the first time they saw it they just about collapsed. I mean they hated it, just hated it. Old style film executives, you know, 'I'm square and I'm proud. Show me'. They didn't know what was going on. But it was really an unfair test. It was a black and white work print complete with splices and bad sound and with none of the special effects showing. Now that they've seen the completed color version they're much happier, or so I'm told."

Indeed they probably are. All of the advance screenings of *200 Motels* were rousing successes. The word of mouth has been good and as *Variety* will probably put it, BO prospects are Torrid.

For Frank Zappa of course it's the beginning of a whole new era. From here on in it's onward and upwards and already he's making plans for future productions, future enterprises. He may even get to complete some old ones. *Uncle Meat*, an abortive 16mm film venture that finally had to be abandoned for lack of funds a couple of years ago, is still around. It wouldn't take much to finish it. But who knows? There are any number of possibilities, and the fact that they all depend on *200 Motels* doesn't phase Zappa a bit. He's confident. He knows it's good. He's seen it four times and he loves it. Every minute of it.



# A Saga of the Now Fashionable Fur West.



A bunch of the boys were whooping it up  
in the Malamute saloon;  
The kid that handles the music-box  
was hitting a jag-time tune;  
When out of the night, which was fifty below,  
and into the din and glare,  
There stumbled a miner fresh from the creeks,  
dog-dirty, and loaded for bear.

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave  
and scarcely the strength of a louse,  
Yet he tilted a poke of dust on the bar,  
and he called for drinks for the house.

From the poem "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"  
by Robert Service.



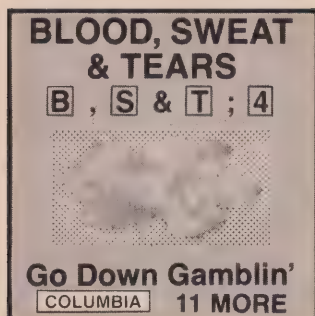




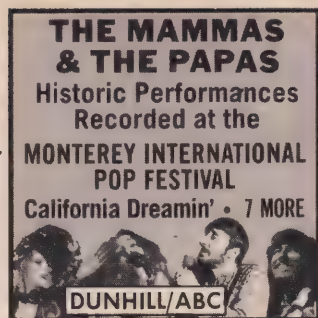


Cast:  
Big John ... producer  
John F. Bassett, whose latest re-lease is *Face-Off*. Dashing Don ... actor  
Don Scardino, lead in the Don Shebib film  
*Rip-Off*. The Stranger ... director Don Haldane,  
winner of an Etrog in the '71 Canadian Film Awards  
for *Shebandowen*. Costumes: Of course, *The Stranger*  
wears black - black Persian Lamb with a natural  
otter collar, from Norman Rogul Furs. Big John cloaks  
his hulking frame in a wolf coat with notched collar  
and slashed pockets, from Norman Rogul Furs. Dashing  
Don adds lustre to his nickname in a fitted rabbit coat  
from The Adam Shop, Eaton's. All coats retail be-  
tween \$300 and \$900. Screenplay: Fashionably  
adapted from Warner Brother's haunting frontier  
ballad, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, starring  
Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.





202713



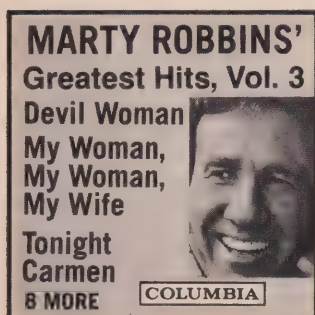
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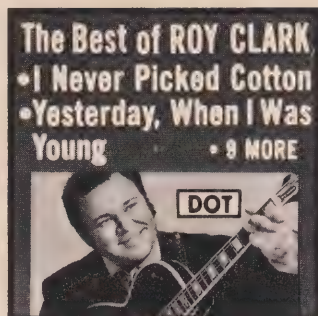
201715



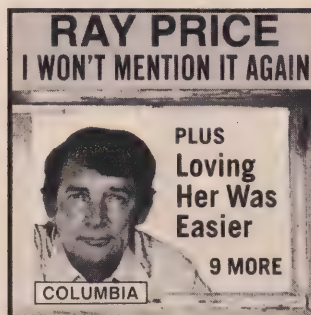
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201251



202093

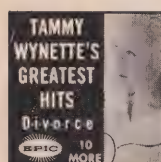


202176



195073

# Any 12 of these hit



180166



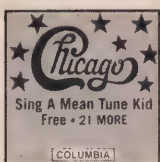
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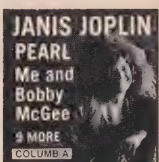
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188060



199133



198986



207076



205450



188177



189860



201806



187666



171504



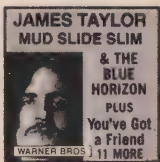
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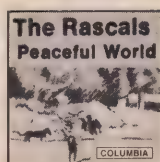
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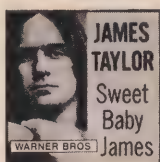
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189092



204289



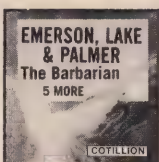
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195685



201772



202390



199943



202127



200014



193615



195891



191098



191437



196444



196790



200105



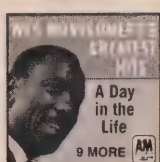
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201335



195909



187708



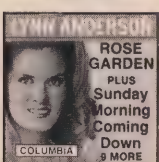
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203349



196246



198499



192328



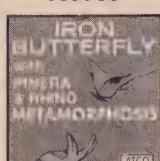
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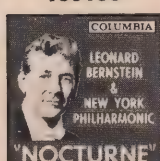
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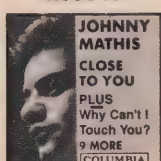
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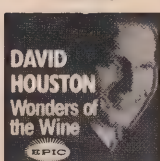
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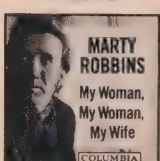
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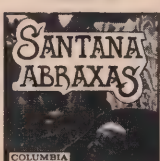
174779



198085



190546



195727



203539



**JEANNIE C. RILEY'S  
GREATEST HITS**  
Harper Valley  
P.T.A.  
Things Go  
Better  
With Love  
**PLANTATION • 8 MORE**



201830

**TAMMY  
WYNETTE'S  
Greatest  
Hits  
Vol. 2**  
• Good Lovin'  
• We Sure Can Love  
Each Other  
9 MORE  
**EPIC**



207381

**KRIS  
KRISTOFFERSON  
THE SILVER TONGUED  
DEVIL AND I**  
PLUS  
Jody and  
the Kid  
Billy Dee  
7 MORE  
**MONUMENT**




207084

**BEE GEES  
2 YEARS ON  
LONELY DAYS • 11 MORE**  
**ATCO**



199968


**The very best of  
CONNIE FRANCIS**  
Who's



**JIMI HENDRIX**



**HANK  
WILLIAMS, JR.**  
I've Got A  
Right To Cry  
They All  
Used To  
Belong To Me  
**MGM**



208678

## COLUMBIA HOUSE DON MILLS, ONTARIO DEPT. 61-245

Please enroll me as a member of the Columbia Record Club. I've indicated the 12 stereo records I wish to receive for only \$2.86 plus postage and processing.

Send me these 12 records for which I will be billed \$2.86 plus processing and postage.


I agree to buy 11 more records at regular Club prices during the coming 2 years.

All selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine sent every four weeks. If I do not want any records, I'll return the selection card by the date specified... or use the card to order any record I want. If I want the regular selection I need do nothing — it will be sent automatically. From time to time I'll be offered special records which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

My main musical interest is (check one box only)

☐ Listening & Dancing ☐ Teen Hits ☐ Country & Western ☐ Classical

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print) First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Initial \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ Prov \_\_\_\_\_

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No

Parent's signature required if applicant under 18 years of age.

Parent's Signature \_\_\_\_\_


**\$2.86**  
plus processing  
and postage

**PLUS**  
Put Your  
Hand in the  
Hand  
Joy to  
the World  
8 MORE  
**COLUMBIA**



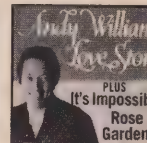
206631

**TAMMY  
WYNETTE'S**  
We Sure  
Can Love  
Each Other  
**EPIC**



203760

**Indy Williams  
Love Story**  
PLUS  
It's Impossible  
Rose  
Garden  
8 MORE  
**COLUMBIA**



201145

**HANK  
WILLIAMS  
JR.  
GREATEST  
HITS**  
It's All Over  
But the Crying  
10 MORE  
**MGM**



200493

**BOB DYLAN  
NEW MORNING**  
**COLUMBIA**



197954

**David Houston**  
a woman  
always  
knows  
**EPIC**



203422

**THREE DOG  
NIGHT  
GOLDEN  
BISQUITS**  
Eli's Coming  
Mama Told Me  
Easy To Be Hard  
9 MORE  
**DUNHILL/ABC**



201780

**PERCY FAITH**  
I THINK I LOVE YOU  
PLUS  
Theme from "Love Story"  
Rose Garden • 8  
**COLUMBIA**



199828

**Today's Great Hits**  
**JOHNNY  
MATHIS**  
YOU'VE  
GOT A  
FRIEND  
PLUS  
For All  
We Know  
**COLUMBIA**



207563

**192401** 3 records count  
as 3




**STEPPENWOLF**  
FOR LADIES ONLY  
**DUNHILL/ABC**



210203

**Santana**  
3  
**COLUMBIA**



209239

**TCHAIKOVSKY'S  
GREATEST HITS**  
Vol. 2  
Capriccio  
Italian  
Andante  
Cantabile  
MORE  
**COLUMBIA**



193524

**JETHRO TULL**  
AQUALUNG  
PLUS  
Wond'ring  
Aloud  
9 MORE  
**REPRISE**



203372

**OSMONDS**  
One Bad Apple  
9 MORE  
**MGM**



201699

**TOMMY  
ROE'S  
GREATEST  
HITS**  
• Heather Home  
• Dizzy  
10 MORE  
**ABC**



186197

**SLY &  
THE FAMILY STONE**  
THERE'S A RIOT  
GOING ON  
**EPIC**



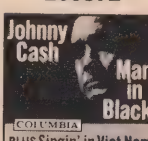
210237

**Herb Alpert &  
the Tijuana Brass**  
SUMMERTIME  
PLUS  
Hurt So Bad  
Jerusalem  
7 MORE  
**AM**




206359

**Johnny  
Cash**  
Man in  
Black  
**COLUMBIA**  
PLUS Singin' in Viet Nam  
Talkin' Blues • MORE



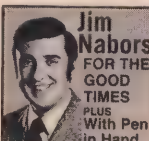
201277

**OTIS REDDING**  
THE JIMI  
HENDRIX  
EXPERIENCE  
"Live" at The  
Monterey  
Pop Festival  
**REPRISE**



195487

**Jim  
Nabors**  
FOR THE  
GOOD  
TIMES  
PLUS  
With Pen  
in Hand  
9 MORE  
**COLUMBIA**



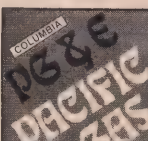
202036

**GRAHAM  
NASH**  
Songs I  
Beginners  
Chicago  
10 MORE  
**ATLANTIC**




205534

**PG & E**  
PACIFIC  
GAS  
**COLUMBIA**



205468

**BERNSTEIN'S  
GREATEST HITS**  
NEW YORK  
PHILHARMONIC  
**COLUMBIA**



203174

**FRANK  
SINATRA**  
SINATRA  
& COMPANY  
Close to You  
**REPRISE** 13 MORE



203430

**Columbia  
House**  
1121 Leslie St.  
Don Mills, Ont.

175

... plus hundreds of alternate selections.

... If you do not want any record in any month, just return the selection card always provided by the date specified.

... If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically

... If you want any of the other records offered just order them on the selection card and return it by the date specified

... and from time to time we will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided

... or accept by simply doing nothing

Fantastic bonus plan after you've completed your enrollment agreement you will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.



**BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS**  
B, S & T; 4  
  
Go Down Gamblin'  
COLUMBIA 11 MORE  
202713

**THE MAMMAS & THE PAPAS**  
Historic Performances  
Recorded at the  
MONTEREY INTERNATIONAL  
POP FESTIVAL  
California Dreamin' • 7 MORE  
  
DUNHILL/ABC  
201798

**B. J. THOMAS**  
RAINDROPS  
KEEP  
FALLIN' ON  
MY HEAD  
PLUS  
This Guy's in  
Love With You  
8 MORE SCEPTER  
  
201715

**THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY**  
SOUND  
MAGAZINE  
I Woke  
Up In  
Love  
This  
Morning • 10 MORE BELL  
  
207993

**MARTY ROBBINS'**  
Greatest Hits, Vol. 3  
Devil Woman  
My Woman,  
My Woman,  
My Wife  
Tonight  
Carmen  
8 MORE COLUMBIA  
  
201251

**The Best of ROY CLARK**  
• I Never Picked Cotton  
• Yesterday When I Was Young  
  
201798

**RAY PRICE**

**E. POWER**  
SINGS

## BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In Canada



Postage will be paid by

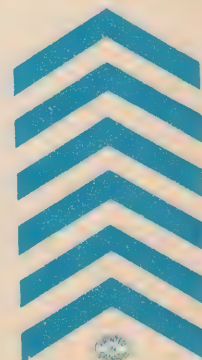


**COLUMBIA HOUSE**

DEPARTMENT 61-245

1111 LESLIE STREET

DON MILLS, ONTARIO



**TAMMY WYNETTE'S GREATEST HITS**  
Divorce  
10 MORE  
  
180166

**Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass' GREATEST HITS**  
A Taste of Honey  
11 MORE  
  
185843

**Joe Cocker**  
SHE CAME IN THROUGH THE BATHROOM WINDOW  
9 MORE  
  
186106

**LYNN ANDERSON**  
Day After Tomorrow  
PLUS  
Honey Come Back  
9 MORE  
  
189860

**THE 5TH DIMENSION**  
LOVE'S LINES, ANGLES AND RHYMES  
PLUS  
Time and Love  
8 MORE  
  
201806

**ANDY WILLIAMS' GREATEST HITS**  
Moon River  
Happy Heart  
Born Free  
Dear Heart  
7 MORE  
  
187666

**happy ending**  
Amusement  
  
189092

**The Rascals**  
Peaceful World  
  
204289

**JAMES TAYLOR**  
Sweet Baby James  
  
188367

**MAD DOGS & ENGLISHMEN**  
The Letter • others  
(2-record set)  
  
195685

**GOLD THEIR GREAT HITS**  
Born to Be Wild  
Hey Mama  
Magic Carpet Ride  
8 MORE  
  
201772

**& PALMER**  
The Barbarian  
5 MORE  
  
202390

**MATHIS LOVE STORY**  
PLUS It's Impossible  
My Sweet Lord • 8 MORE  
  
199943

**Friends**  
Songs, vocals and keyboard performances by ELTON JOHN  
  
202127

**PARANOID**  
PLUS Electric Funeral  
8 MORE  
  
200014

**Dean Martin**  
My Woman, My Woman, My Wife  
REPRISE  
  
193615

**NEIL YOUNG**  
Acoustic Gold Rush  
REPRISE  
  
195891

**BOBBY SHERMAN**  
HERE COMES BOBBY  
Easy Come, Easy Go  
10 MORE  
  
191098

**THE JIM TAYLOR**  
The Jim Taylor  
  
191437

**CARPENTERS CLOSE TO YOU**  
PLUS  
We've Only Just Begun  
10 MORE  
  
196444

**DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS**  
TO BONNIE FROM DELANEY  
Soul Shake  
11 MORE  
  
196790

**(ORIGINAL CAST) No No Nanette**  
THE NEW 1925 MUSICAL  
starring Ruby Keeler  
  
200105

**BARBRA STREISAND STONEY END**  
  
200204

**THE BELLS**  
FLY, LITTLE WHITE DOVE, FLY  
PLUS Stay Awhile  
Rain  
7 MORE  
  
201335

**NANCY SINATRA**  
Nancy's Greatest Hits  
REPRISE  
  
195909

**WES MONTGOMERY**  
A Day in the Life  
9 MORE  
  
187708

**LOVE STORY**  
The Sound of Music  
PARAMOUNT  
  
199158

**CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG 4 Way Street**  
2 RECORDS COUNT AS ONE  
  
203349

**SLY & THE FAMILY STONE GREATEST HITS**  
  
196246

**LYNN ANDERSON**  
ROSE GARDEN  
PLUS Sunday Morning Coming Down  
9 MORE  
  
198499

**GORDON LIGHTFOOT**  
IF YOU COULD READ MY MIND  
PLUS Me and Bobby McGee  
9 MORE  
  
192328

**JONI MITCHELL BLUE**  
PLUS  
• Carey  
• All I Want  
• River  
6 MORE  
  
206979

**RAY CONNIFF**  
and The Singers  
WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN  
PLUS  
I'll Be There  
Candida  
8 MORE  
  
197913

**SIMON & GARFUNKEL**  
Bridge Over Troubled Water  
COLUMBIA  
  
186809

**IRON BUTTERFLY**  
and  
SANTANA & RASHID  
METAMORPHOSIS  
ATCO  
  
195701

**LEONARD BERNSTEIN & NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**  
NOCTURNE  
COLUMBIA  
  
189159

**JOHNNY NASH**  
CLOSE TO YOU  
PLUS  
Why Can't I Touch You?  
9 MORE  
COLUMBIA  
  
194712

**DAVID HOUSTON**  
Wonders of the Wine  
EPC  
  
174779

**FIRST EDITIONS greatest hits**  
REPRISE  
  
198085

**MARTY ROBBINS**  
My Woman, My Woman, My Wife  
COLUMBIA  
  
190546

**SANTANA ABBAXAS**  
COLUMBIA  
  
195727

**CAROLE KING**  
Tapestry  
CDE  
  
203539





201830



207522



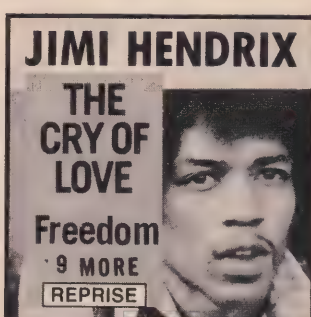
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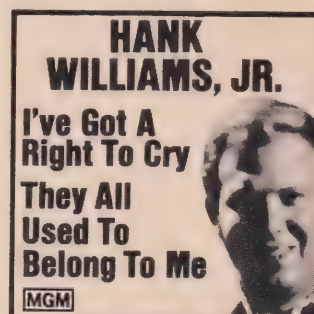
207084



201293



199968



208678

# records for only \$2.86

plus processing and postage

Yes, it's true! if you join the Columbia Record Club now, you may have ANY 12 of these records for only \$2.86. To receive them, just mail the handy application form. In exchange . . .

You agree to buy just eleven records (at the regular Club prices) in the coming two years — and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the records you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club price of \$5.49 or \$6.49 each, plus processing and postage. (Multi-record sets are somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject records as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest

. . . plus hundreds of alternate selections.

. . . If you do not want any record in any month, just return the selection card always provided by the date specified.

. . . If you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically

. . . If you want any of the other records offered just order them on the selection card and return it by the date specified

. . . and from time to time we will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided

. . . or accept by simply doing nothing

Fantastic bonus plan after you've completed your enrollment agreement you will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

**Columbia House**  
1121 Leslie St.  
Don Mills, Ont.



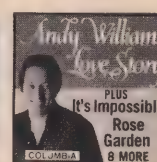
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202473



206631



201145



198911



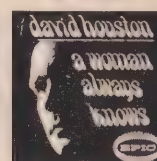
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200493



197954



203422



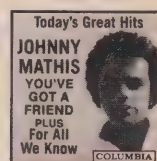
192401 3 records count as 3



201780



199828



207563



210203



209239



193524



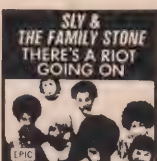
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201699



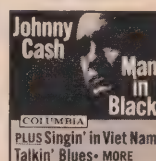
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210237



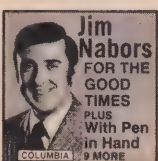
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201277



195487



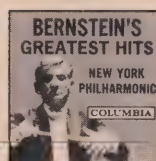
202036



205534



205468



203174



203430



On creating a character:

“What I like is characterization. It’s a composite of impressions, not a specific guy.

And they’re also part of me too. You’ll get one thing physically that starts to happen while you do it. You get a vocal thing, and it’s very strange that one of those things leads to others and it becomes an area. I do make choices, a basic approach. I look at the material and try to find the trap. In T.R. Baskin that was the trap – to make the guy a schmuck – I mean he isn’t a schmuck, he’s a superschmuck. But he at least retains something of himself, and has some degree of feeling left. It’s very cold; these people are very non-feeling, they’re almost machines. The hardest thing for me is to keep the momentum in the movement in my own mind and my own feelings, so I’m open to work on an unconscious level. You can’t clutter up your mind with too much conceptual shit. Jack Mitchell wasn’t comic really. He more and more emerged to me as an infant. He fails sexually because what he wants in that situation is not necessarily sexual intercourse but he wants to touch, which is sort of infantile – he wants to be mothered. Joe is not a normal guy, whereas Jack Mitchell is. Joe is a psychopath to me. He’s larger than life. His morality is

very suspect, I mean he does open fire on five people.

□



Peter Boyle  
on  
Peter Boyle



you make a movie. Ultimately it becomes a thing where he helps you when you're in trouble. I sound like I know what I'm talking about, don't I? It all happens in ignorance.

#### *How to measure success*

In a movie you never know if you're right. It's only a guess. Sometimes you sense that you're not really wrong, but you're never sure you're right. I'm very unused to critical reaction. If it's good I like it – if it's not, I don't know, it's hard – I like extravagant praise. I don't necessarily believe it but I love hearing it. I think I'm a harder critic than they are. If I have to watch myself on the screen I go through a complex range of emotions, from intense self-loathing to the most arrogant kind of narcissism. I have a perfectionist streak. But you have to be realistic. You learn that if at a certain point you're not there, then you're not there, that's all.

edited by Stephen Chesley

*Too often in the past, Hollywood has presented personalities and called them actors. Few had the versatility and knowledge of their craft that the true actor possesses and earns. But from time to time a dedicated and discriminating craftsman like Peter Boyle comes along; he may become great.*

*Boyle, now 35, grew up in Philadelphia, attended LaSalle College, and went to New York to make a career as an actor. He has appeared in commercials, off-Broadway plays, the Second City revue, Comedy Tonight on TV, and of course as the hardhat Joe, and as salesman Jack Mitchell in T.R. Baskin.*

*Future projects include Dimebox, a Twentieth Century-Fox western with Dennis Hopper, in which Boyle plays a preacher.*

If an actor never works on stage and just goes and does movies, he can get into a lot of trouble – trouble with his craft. A script is like a roadmap. My focus is on the characters rather than the script. In T.R. I found things – an unconscious thread from things the writer had laid out. It's a challenge to fight a cliché. In T.R. I didn't want to present a caricature salesman. At one point I had a fantasy that I would come in with a joy buzzer. I quickly discarded that. It would have been a disaster for me. It's my task to come up with the characterization. It's the director's task to help you do it, to help

#### *On himself*

I enjoy making movies. It's an exciting game. All the career bullshit doesn't make you happy. But the work does.

I never said 'This is how I'll be an actor.' I'm a very disorganized person. I need to be an actor and what sort of happened to me is that I just persisted long enough until I got an opportunity.

I'm very impulsive.

I don't have many possessions. I'm starting now. I'm very slow to buy things. Spending money is still a psychological problem for me. I'll either waste it on nothing, or . . . but it's still hard for me to spend money, somehow. I like to make it. I like money.

My past when I was trying to make it: It's been so bad I don't want to talk about it. A lot of loneliness, a lot of bitterness.

I'm a great believer in the power of fear and terror. To me they're great sources of whatever I do. I'm scared of . . . you name it. Like you get so scared that you either sink or swim – you gotta move, you gotta do something fast. I was very heavily into cartoons. Bugs Bunny, Tom & Jerry – not Mr. Magoo or Woody Woodpecker – and of course Wile E. Coyote, Yosemite Sam and Daffy Duck.

Now R. Crumb, especially Mr. Natural.

#### *On politics*

As a political activist I'm terrible. I have no patience for meetings. I'm a satirist.

Joe wasn't satire. It was a political movie. The first movie of class warfare. It said that: certain kinds of people it doesn't matter if you kill





them. Both sides said that's the way those people are. Patton worked on the same level. I'm not a pacifist. I'm not against war in principle, just in practice. I think the next war should be fought with custard pies.

I worked with Jane Fonda's troupe only at Fort Bragg. It was an adventure to me. Everybody told us you're going to get your head bashed in, and you shouldn't get involved in politics. There's nothing that I love more than doing something that people say I shouldn't. That's fun. It was one of the best experiences of my life. It was scary.

#### *On stardom*

I'm not really a star-type person. To me a star is someone whose very presence in a room does something, and in the classic way, whose offscreen life is a movie. And my offscreen life – sometimes it's several movies – Italian neo-realism, sometimes very theatrical.

I couldn't make it as a movie star. The only reason I do it is to be in *Wake Island*, or the remake anyway.

But my feelings are ambiguous. I mean I was the kid wanting to be on *Wake Island*. And here I am. It's a very seductive business.

There is an actor-star dilemma, and because of what I am I chose actor. I mean if I were a movie star I'd wear a hairpiece.

I'm not glamorous. I am what I am. I don't look like what I think a movie star looks like. And then I go to the movies, and I'm a movie star, and I see *me*. It's very disquieting, to say the least.

The real stars today are the rock stars.

I think I'm a 1980 star.

I do have a fantasy where I have a torrid Hollywood love affair.

#### *Future roles, desired or interesting*

I'll do anything that involves airplanes. Not like *Airport* because the plane never flew. The plane has to take off at some point.

WW I biplanes – terrific – barnstormers, flying helmets, open cockpit – Wow.

Every movie has been done.

I'd like to do a movie about a con-man. Someone who treats crime as an adventure. I would do a cop role or action movie. If it were pure escapism, it would have to be a fantasy I want to be in. I like to choose my fantasies.

#### *Prediction for the world in general*

Most men I know would love to have a gorilla suit. I predict it as a trend in fashion for the seventies. ■





## The magnificent curse of Melina Mercouri

by George Anthony

*No film is ever complete at The End. A book is certain to follow. Actors and actresses, film techniques and trends, the development of film – all have been explored on paper as well as on the screen. George Anthony, former book editor of The Toronto Telegram and present entertainment editor of The Sun, will open the pages of Filmbooks to you every month in this column.*

"To be born Greek is to be magnificently cursed. To a surprisingly large number of people, it means you personally built the Acropolis, you created Delphi, the theatre, and you sired the concept of democracy. The truth is that you're poor, many of your people can't read, and the rare moments that you tasted of democracy and independence, foreign pro-

tectors and their Greek stooges snatched away from you."

The author is a daughter of democracy, a native Greek with a political background and a heavy involvement in the arts.

She is also Melina Mercouri, a fact that has presented her with problems over the years, and she reveals some of them in her new autobiography, *I Was Born Greek* (Mussion, \$7.95).

Mercouri acquired her good sense of theatrics at an early age from her grandfather, the Mayor of Athens. He was the country's most beloved citizen; she, his adored grandchild. His armed bodyguards even stayed in her high school examination room with her. Not surprisingly, she passed.

Her relationship with her grandfather was so intense that she accompanied him everywhere. When her own father ran off with an actress the family overlooked it; when her grandfather took a mistress, Melina was deployed as a secret weapon against her.

She went from pampered childhood to pampered adultery; her first husband, Pan Characopos, attributed her extra-marital liaisons to the difference in their ages and forgave her, despite the fact that he had divorced

his own wife to marry her. Their marriage became a working 'arrangement' with neither accounting to the other. "Too much candor, after the Greek fashion, leaves scars."

Mercouri was studying theatre when the Nazis came, and she soon began to wage her own private war: "To eat, to feed my friends, to squeeze every ounce of pleasure out of life, to live it to the hilt while it lasted." For a daughter of politics and a spoiled one at that, her helplessness was painfully humiliating. "A Nazi soldier is billeted in your house. Something thick and twisted in him impels him to piss on your dining-room floor and to grin at you while doing so. You are silent and that silence diminishes you, kills you."

Fifteen years later she was Greece's top stage actress and a favorite in France. Alexander Korda made a screen test of her in London but according to all the traditional concepts Mercouri was totally unphotogenic. Too much animal hair, too-large almond eyes, too-large nose, a too-wide and ungainly mouth with too many teeth in it.

Michael Cacoyannis saw her differently, and wrote *Stella* as a stage play for her. But when he finished it



he knew it had to be a movie. *Stella* was accepted at the Cannes Film Festival in 1955. There Mercouri met Jules Dassin.

*I Was Born Greek* concentrates mainly on the Dassin years. She adores Dassin but shamelessly and fearlessly points out flaws in him as well as herself, something quite rare in current autobiography. She and Dassin became national heroes after they made *Never On Sunday*, and sometimes inadvertently caused mob riots by simply walking along a public street.

Throughout her book readers are treated to Mercouri's particular brand of Thinking Woman's Philosophy on a variety of subjects. About Greek shipowners she writes: "To begin with, very few live in Greece . . . you operate out of London, New York or Paris. Of course you maintain homes or apartments in the important capitals of the world. They are staffed twelve months a year.

"Of course you visit Greece from time to time. You load one of your yachts with dazzling foreign guests and you 'do the islands'. On these occasions you go all out in your Greekness. You keep the Bordeaux

for shipboard and drink rezina everywhere else. When you're listening to bouzouki music you snap your fingers louder than anyone can. You take off your jacket whenever you can. It looks democratic as hell."

Mercouri's last chapters are heavy with Junta overthrow and oppression. She recalls the night Manos Hadjidakis called her to tell her that freedom had died in Greece: "A dictatorship in Greece? It couldn't last forty-eight hours. The people would not permit it. The Americans would not accept it. All of Europe would isolate it. But each time we tried the telephone and failed, there would be a long wake-like silence and in these silences we grappled with the fears that we refused to speak aloud."

She was on Broadway at that time doing the musical version of *Never On Sunday*, called *Illya Darling*. She spoke out against the regime and was branded a communist and traitor. She kept singing and dancing and making speeches against the Junta. An offer from Greece: drop the anti-Junta campaign and newspaper publisher Dora Stratou will be released from prison and set free. Mercouri refused and the Greek ambassador flew into a rage. On July 12, 1967,

Mercouri was officially declared an enemy of the Greek people and deprived of her property and citizenship.

In her self-portrait Mercouri reveals a remarkable, too-honest woman who is a paradoxical product of her upbringing. In the U.S. she is the heroine of low-wage Greek Americans and university professors; but the established Greek-American, "by nature a patriot," thinks she has no right to dispute the new regime because his new homeland, the United States, recognizes and supports the Junta.

Mercouri is proud, and vain, but these flaws have become her strength, enabling her to continue on sheer bravado when exhaustion has drained her of all else. When King Constantine arrived at the United Nations he found the angry actress waiting for him. The New York Times headline read *Melina Mercouri Upstages Greek King at UN*.

*I Was Born Greek* is far from a great book, because it is too many things at once: genuine autobiography, glossy movie-star memoirs and political treatise. But all 214 pages of it are solid, cover-to-cover Mercouri and for content, that's sufficient. ■







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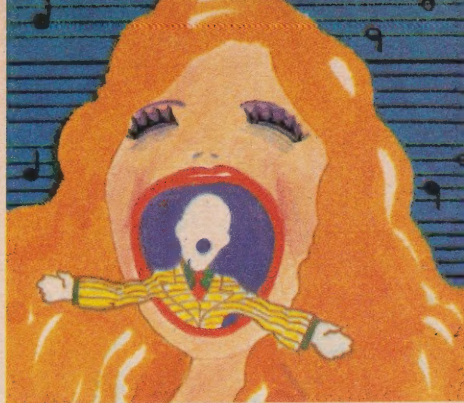
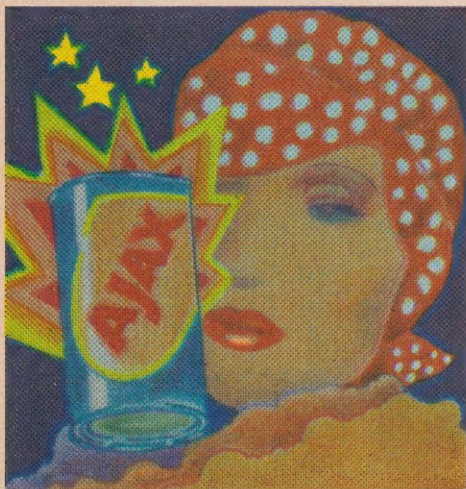
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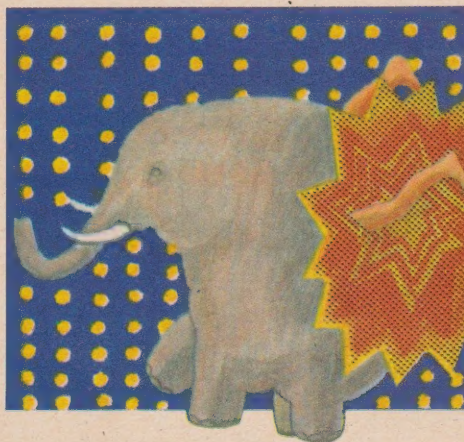


# OUT-TAKES

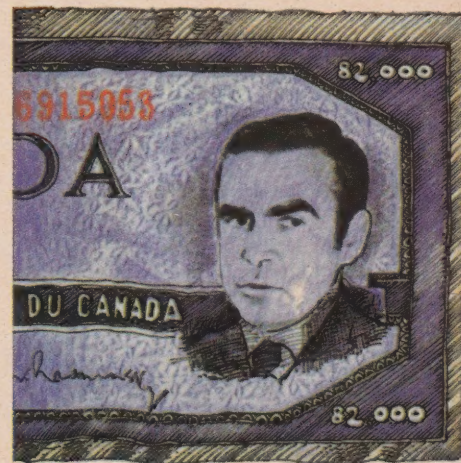
... Actor/singer Kris Kristofferson is a former Rhodes scholar. His first movie Cisco Pike, in which Kristofferson portrays a songwriter who survives by selling dope, created a problem for the property department — how to simulate 300 kilos of marijuana. After one week's experimentation they came up with a solution — a mixture of colts foot, parsley tea and alfalfa baked in molasses. Did you know that Marlene Dietrich used to scrub down her own dressing room floors with Ajax? ...



... Lauren Bacall's singing voice in To Have And Have Not was dubbed by Andy Williams ... Johnny Weissmuller's one complaint about his Tarzan series was the elephants. On one occasion, as he was following an elephant by vine, the packyderm stopped suddenly. Weissmuller rammed into its rear and ended up with a broken nose.



... You may not remember Herb Alpert from The Ten Commandments but that's because he stood with his back to the camera and played the drums as Charlton Heston descended Mt. Sinai (Alpert got the part because of his beautiful dorsal muscles and not because of any musical talent)



The record for the largest grossing single movie house in Canada (for one week) is held by Toronto's Odeon Carlton. When Thunderball opened in Christmas Week in 1968, the theatre grossed \$82,000. Look for Diamonds Are Forever to set a new mark. ■

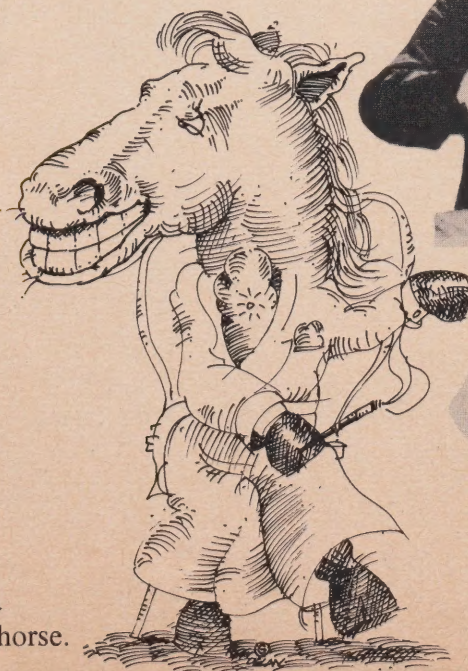
## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Rouben Mamoulian: Who?

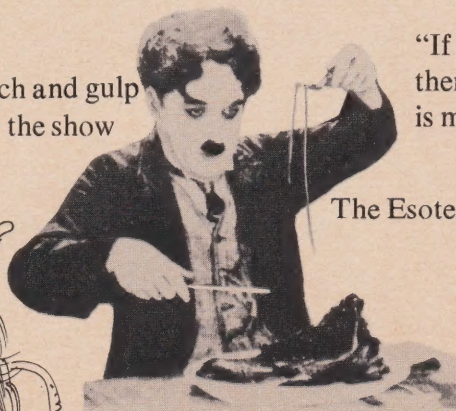
A visit with Michael Cacoyannis and a Trojan Woman



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